

Sisterly Love

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Summary: Anastasia and Amethyst are the daughters of Hiccup and Astrid. What happens when they find a new dragon? Will things stay the same between them or will they turn on eachother?

Sisterly Love

p style="widows: 2; orphans: 2; text-align: center; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">Chapter 1/p

>p style="widows: 2; orphans: 2; text-align: center; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">Anastasiap

>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">It was a rainy morning on the island of Berk. I stared out over the water, and sighed. It seemed almost wrong, that such an important day could be so ugly. First, I lost my favorite shield to a Gronckle. Absolutely humiliating. Then, my baby brother Jor threw my favorite book across the room. I yelled at him, he cried, I got in trouble. On my birthday.p

>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">"Stasia!"p

>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">I turned. My dad ran at me, his arms outstretched, a big grin on his face. I shrieked, pounding at his back with my fists. He tackled me, picking me up, and slinging me over his shoulder, carrying me over to Toothless. I shrieked again, and he laughed. When he went and leaned up against Toothless, the Night Fury turned and licked me all over my face.p

>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">"Awwwww! Bud! You know that doesn't wash out!" I shouted, wiping my face. My dad just laughed again, and set me down. Tousling my auburn hair, he stared into my green eyes. Then he stopped laughing.

He turned, and reaching into Toothless' saddlebag, he pulled out a small box. He handed it to me.p
>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">I widened my eyes, staring into the box. "What?!" I asked, opening it. Inside, was a necklace. The pendant was one of Toothless' scales, with the symbol of the strike class, our family crest, and also the emblem of Berk, engraved on it. I looked at him, handed him the necklace, and turned around. He looped it around my neck, and tied it in the back.p
>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">"Happy fourteenth birthday, Anastasia."p
>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">"Thank you, Dad."p
>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">His demeanor suddenly changed back to playful again. "Well, you are still grounded for yelling at Jor, even though it is your birthday kiddo." He hauled me over his shoulder again, and tossed me onto Toothless' saddle.p
>p style="widows: 2; text-indent: 36pt; orphans: 2; direction: ltr; font-size: 11pt; margin: 0px; font-family: Arial; padding: 0px;">I scrambled upright. He swung his right leg over the saddle, clicking his metal left one into place. I closed my eyes. Fourteen. The age my dad was when he shot down, then proceeded to save, Toothless. A big deal in my family. I was already fourteen, and I didn't even have a dragon! What kind of daughter did that make me? Even worse, I looked like I was the girl version of Hiccup! Too many expectations to live up to, if you ask me. p

End
file.